Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, ye giddy goose.
The muſicke playes.
Hot. Now, I perceiue the diuel vnderſtands Welſh,
And t'is no maruaile he is ſo humorous,
Birlady he is a good muſicion.
La. Then ſhould you be nothing but muſicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humours:
Lie ſtill, ye thiefe, and heare the lady ſing in Welſh.
Hot. I had rather heare, lady, my brache howle in Iriſh.
La. Would'ſt thou haue thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then be ſtill.
Hot. Neither, t'is a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the Welſh Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings.
Here the Lady ſings a Welſh ſong.
Hot. Come, Kate, ile haue your ſong too.
La. Not mine in good ſooth.
Hot. Not yours in good ſooth? Hart, you ſweare like a comfit-makers wife, not you in good ſooth, and as true as I liue, and as God ſhall mend me, and as ſure as day:
And giueſt ſuch ſarcenet ſuretie for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'ſt further then Finsburie,
Sweare me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouthfilling oath, and leaue in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger bread
To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens.
Come, ſing.
La. I will not ſing.
Hot. T'is the next way to turne tayler, or be redbreſt teacher: and the indentures be drawne, ile away within theſe two houres, and ſo come in when ye will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as ſlow,
As Hot-Lord Percy, is on fire to goe:

By

By this our booke is drawne, weel'e but ſeale,
And then to horſe immediatly.
Mor. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.
King. Lords, giue vs leaue, the Prince of Wales and I,
Muſt haue ſome priuat conference, but be neere at hand,
For we ſhall preſently haue neede of you. *Exeunt Lords.*
I knowe not whether God will haue it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſeruice I haue done,
That in his ſecret doome, out of my blood,
Hee'le breed reuengement and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doeſt in the paſſages of life,
Make me beleeue that thou art onely mark't,
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heauen,
To puniſh my miſtreadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch meane attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſocietie,
As thou art match't withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatneſſe of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?
Prin. So pleaſe your Maieſtie, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purge
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuiſde,
Which oft the eare of greatnes needes muſt heare,
By ſmiling pickthanks and baſe newes mongers,
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faltie wandered, and irregular,
Find pardon, on my true ſubmiſsion.
King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors,
Thy place in counſell thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy yonger brother is ſupplide,
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts